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Title: Poetry

Author: Isk  
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TWELVE ELVES  
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Up high on the mountain,  
Very stark,  
In a crevasse,  
Hides a tiny cavern,  
So dark,  
At dusk,  
Twelve elves creep  
thither,  
By the light of a  
lantern they slither.

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DEATH  
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A sting of pain  
Through my figure  
My eyes  
Explode with blood  
It is done  
I am dead  
Dead, but still living  
Fallen here  
In a pool of my own  
blood

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THE OUTCAST  
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Beneath a clouded sky of  
dark...  
Lived a man in his own  
personal bliss...  
His eyes green and cold  
as death itself...  
His heart red and warm  
As love forever...  
An outcast from societies  
cradle...  
Left to die but not to  
fade away.

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THEIR SIN  
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Why must I abide for  
their sin? Why must I  
fall for them to win? Is

there not some other  
way? I do not wish to  
die this day.

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### COLD

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The more I fade, the  
more it makes me cold.  
That is all that can be  
told.  
But in that icy, crusty  
freeze.  
There I will find a little  
ease

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### STRONG AS JADE

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Is it hate or love that  
has me doing what I do?  
I try but fail and fade.  
Then the smile of a  
human  
I become as strong as  
jade.